

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING CO., PUBLISHERS.

210 WEST COLFAX AV.

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Daily and Sunday in advance, in city, \$5.00
Daily and Sunday in advance, by mail, \$6.00
Daily and Sunday in advance, by mail, \$6.00
Single copy, 10c

If your name appears in the telephone directory you can telephone your want "ad" to The News-Times office and a bill will be mailed after its insertion. Home phone 1151; Bell phone 2100

CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN

Foreign Advertising Representatives.

Advertising Building, Chicago

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, JULY 10, 1915.

THE COTTON PROBLEM AGAIN.

The cotton situation is beginning to worry the south again, when it hasn't got through worrying about the disposal of last year's crop. Says the Augusta Chronicle:

The solemn fact is that if the British embargo is not lifted before another cotton crop is thrown on the market, the south will be in a worse fix than it has been since the Civil war.

Until recently there seemed no serious cause for alarm. The prostration of the cotton-growing industry and the resulting business paralysis of the south, brought on by the closing of the foreign market in the early months of the war, had been largely overcome. During the winter and spring the cotton moved to Europe in a steady volume, rising so far above the average in some months as eventually to bring the total sales almost up to normal. The huge crop of 16,000,000 bales has by no means all been sold yet, but there has been no such disaster as the pessimists anticipated.

The new crop is expected to total 3,600,000 bales less than last year. The government's advice to reduce the cotton area and raise more variegated crops has been largely followed. The acreage has been reduced from last year's 37,400,000 to 31,555,000. The estimated crop would be near the average for recent years, and if the foreign cotton market were not changing so ominously it would presumably bring about the average income. But Great Britain's action is making the remunerative disposal of this year's cotton, a crop second in importance only to our wheat, a very doubtful matter.

Britain, without putting cotton on the contraband list, has been holding up cargoes destined for enemy and neutral countries until the foreign market is demoralized. It is feared that the recent decision of the German government to take control of all the raw cotton in Germany may result in Britain declaring the product absolute contraband, which would leave us without legal recourse. Meanwhile, our government is bound to use every possible means to induce Great Britain to stop interfering with our customary exportation of cotton, at least to the neutral countries with which we have an inalienable right to carry on our trade.

"WORST FORM OF AMERICANISM."

There was an echo of the Thaw case in London the other day, of a sort that isn't flattering to the bench and bar of the United States. A prisoner was on trial charged with having drowned three wives in a bathtub (consequently) for the sake of collecting their life insurance. Two physicians were called in by the prosecution to testify to the prisoner's mental condition. That seems to have been a novelty in English court procedure. The attorney for the defense, in his address to the jury, declared:

"Such medical evidence opens the door to the worst form of Americanism in the administration of justice. Suppose the prisoner had not been a pauper, as he is, but was possessed of unlimited means, like many recent American prisoners. He could have secured experts to say that the cause of death was other than the one given by the experts for the crown."

At that very moment the long-drawn battle of the experts over the sanity of Harry Thaw was at its height again, with no hope of immediate or conclusive decision. It is nearly ten years since Stanford White was shot, and yet the courts don't seem to know whether his slayer was sane at that time, or has been sane since, or is sane now, and are still uncertain what should be done with him. The case of the London murderer was definitely disposed of within a month of the commission of the crime that led to his arrest.

An even more flagrant example of the "Americanism" sneered at by the British barrister, though in a slightly different form, is seen in the case of Lieut. Becker of the New York police force. He is still alive and striving to escape the penalty for his crime, although the four moneyless and friendless gunmen who acted as his accomplices and were convicted on the same basic evidence were years ago sent with short shrift beyond the reach of bought testimony and reprieving technicalities.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

For countless ages the mother-in-law has been the victim of decayed jests, until it has become one of the most melancholy subjects in existence. And yet many a good man has deep affection and profound respect for his mother-in-law, and is not ashamed of it. Laugh at him too, if you will.

He knows that the one girl whom in the sweet freshness of youth he chose from among all others to bless his life owes her lovely "allies" to the woman who is now his mother-in-law, but was first and is always her mother. He remembers how that mother gave up to him her most precious treasure on earth, loved as only a mother can love a girl, smiled bravely

through it, and turned away, with flooding eyes, and fainting heart, to weep in heartache and loneliness.

Very funny—eh?

Well, there are men weak enough to remember such things and so blind to humor as not to see at all that the mother-in-law is nothing but a continuous farce.

Yes, yes, there are men—strong men, wholesome-minded men—who realize that in sickness, misfortune, distress, the mother-in-law is the first to come and the last to go, ever the readiest to serve and to sacrifice, ever the most loyal, the most untiring and the most sympathetic. For she brings her heart with her, and her heart is love.

And, too, many a man has known her to linger, white-faced but calm eyed, to speak words of courage to him beside their dead—hers and his; and then, hiding her heartbreak, take the mother's place with the motherless children, and, forgetting that she is a farce, become a ministering and sustaining angel.

Let those who can laugh at the mother-in-law; let them perpetually bandy back and forth the stale jokes and gibes in ridicule of her.

For there are some men who can't laugh at the mother-in-law. In the innermost secret place of their soul, there is a shrine sacred to her, where love and gratitude give worship.

HELP! HELP!

Prof. William D. Arnes proclaims that western American literature is gone forever, writers of today attempting to depict the western life being mere imitations.

Prof. Arnes is associate professor of American literature at university of California, and he should be one of the last to yell about western literature's sinking to the fishes. He ought to throw out a life-preserver, a rope, or an anchor. How can the ordinary man be expected to dive in and rescue literature, when the professors merely sit on the dock and wait?

SICK CATS.

Says a self-styled "Heartbroken Lady" in a letter to a New York newspaper:

Do you think it is fair to bring a pet cat to a hospital and after paying \$2 for treatment not to get any, but next day to find said cat lying in a dirty, wet, cold cage, in a dying condition, with not even a drink of water? Yet there are people who talk so much about what is done for the prevention of cruelty to animals!

My cat died without treatment, the assistant doctor not being man enough to say he could not handle the case, and only caring for the two-dollar bill.

I think it is a shame. Please put this in your paper, so that nobody else's pet will have to suffer the same way.

It's a beastly shame, there no doubt of it! A person can't help wondering, however, what would be thought of such a letter if it appeared in a London, Paris, Berlin, or Petrograd newspaper. The civilized world has got pretty much past grieving for cats. There are sterner things to think about. Any normal man or woman called upon to weep for "a cat lying in a dirty, wet, cold cage in a dying condition" is apt to think involuntarily of the tens of thousands of men lying in worse plight than that between the firing lines where there is no respite either to relieve the wounded or bury the dead.

IS DOPE HAPPINESS?

One Dr. Arthur L. Blunt of Chicago was charged with aiding drug users in violating the Harrison anti-narcotic law. His attorneys, seeking a writ of habeas corpus, argued before Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis of the United States court that the Harrison law is unconstitutional in that it denies to drug users the pursuit of happiness.

This opens an interesting field of speculation. Is hitting the pipe really the pursuit of happiness guaranteed to all American citizens under their constitution? After they have hit it do they get happiness?

Is not all indulgence in crime and vice open to the same argument? If you think it will make you happy to kill your neighbor, doesn't the constitution guarantee you the right to pursue your joy? Haven't you a right, by the same august document, to drown your sorrows in drink, to burn your own house or your neighbor's in order to roast your pig, to steal, riot and make a nuisance of yourself generally, if thereby you think you can attain your heart's desire?

What is happiness, anyhow? Is it the mere sensual pleasure of the moment, followed, as all such pleasures are, by more than proportionate pain? Or is it the satisfaction which comes to a self-reliant but self-controlled being, doing his work in freedom and tempering his own rights to his neighbor's comfort?

The pursuit of happiness is our right. But what is happiness? Judge Landis denied the writ, and Dr. Blunt was at last accounts pursuing his in jail.

AUTOS FOR RURAL MAIL.

The all conquering automobile is now replacing the horse in the rural mail service. On July 1 the pioneer

auto delivery started on two routes radiating from Quarryville, Pa. Other motor routes have been planned, to begin next month. The postmaster general has already signed orders for more than 100 machines, to cover nearly 5,000 miles of post routes.

The service will be extended just as fast as the department's resources and the conditions of the highways permits. Of these two considerations, the latter is the more important. It is a comparatively simple matter for the government to replace the present box-like rural carriage wagons with automobiles. The original cost is little more than the cost of horses and wagons. Their operation is no more expensive, and their efficiency is far greater. Horses, however, have the advantage of being able to get through almost any sort of roads if they have to, while the motor cars, though they are faster and can cover more ground in a day, cannot take chances on roads that are not kept in good condition the year around. The adoption of autos for the country service will therefore be another powerful incentive to further the good roads movement. Farmers almost everywhere should be willing to make the improvements necessary to gain such postal facilities, especially since better highways will amply repay their cost in other ways.

MEDICAGO SATIVA.

The virtues of alfalfa have long been trumpeted by the federal department of agriculture, but now the medical profession has taken to boosting this particular brand of fodder. At a national convention in Chicago, Dr. Alexander Blackwood of that city announced that alfalfa is just as good for human beings as it is for cattle. In fact, he declares it is not only a nutritious food product, but has valuable medicinal properties.

He experimented with seventeen students at the Hahnemann Medical college, feeding them a compound labeled "Medicago Sativa"—which is merely the Latin name for alfalfa—and they not only digested the stuff and thrived on it, but had their appetites for other provender so stimulated that they were impelled to eat five or six meals a day.

Alfalfa may come in time to form an integral part of every family meal and restaurant menu, and there may be an alfalfa bed in every garden. But economically, the discovery doesn't seem to be an unqualified blessing. Even if it cures indigestion, as Dr. Blackwood says, we're not going to save much money by a hay diet that drives us to eat six square meals a day. Why not discover something that will make one meal a day suffice?

BUSINESS AND MILITIA ORGANIZATIONS.

It is a difficult matter to develop efficient militia and national guard organizations. One of the worst obstacles is the trouble militia men commonly experience in getting away from their employments for military maneuvers.

The present critical diplomatic situation should have a lesson for business men. They usually realize theoretically that a body of militia is a necessity. But when it comes to letting this or that employee have a week's vacation to attend camp, they are apt to balk.

Militia men can not get much military practice merely by drilling in halls and on the streets of their own town. They need to get out into the country, practice the routine of war, and get an idea of what actual fighting would be like. A couple of weeks a year would be none too much. When a man takes an oath to obey the orders of his superiors in case of war, he is making a patriotic contribution greater than anything in mere money. The employer is not going half way in patriotism, unless he is willing to contribute by giving the recruit leave to attend camp.

LONG SCHOOL VACATIONS.

All over the country colleges are thronged with students for summer courses, business schools are running about as usual, music pupils are studying music and private educational institutions of all kinds are continuing their work. And all over the country the public schools are closed for three or four months, great and costly educational plants are lying unproductive, the continuous progress of instruction is interrupted and millions of children are left in compulsory idleness to roam the streets or burden their distracted parents.

The long summer vacation is rational enough in the country, where boys and girls have to help with the farm chores in the summer. In pioneer times nearly all school children had such duties. But that is not a sufficient reason for turning present-day children out of school for a quarter of a year in the cities. Few of them have any vacation duties. Few of them need so long a rest. Most of them develop into a temporary nuisance to their families and community while the learning of the past year fades from their memories and the power of mental application ebbs away.

A month's summer vacation would probably be far better for city schools.

KICKED AGAIN.

Now the sultan has decreed the expulsion of the secretaries and attaches of the American embassy at Constantinople as a mark of reprisal for the expulsion of Turkish officials from London.

This kicking of Uncle Sam's dog around is getting to be quite a popular diversion in Europe.

The soft answer may turn away wrath, as the Good Book says, but the neutral answer certainly makes a belligerent madder than ever.

GALAXY OF GRINS

Substituting for the Melting Pot

WANTS TO RECIPROCATE.

"Wall!" sighed Cyrus Browne, a genuine Rhode Island farmer, as he entered the house. "Jed Hopkins wants me to be pallbearer again for his wife's funeral."

"Wal, wot be ye hesitatatin' about?" rejoined his soul mate. "It's this way, Melissa. Y'know when Jed's fust wife died he asked me to be a pallbearer, an' I did. Then his second wife died, an' I wuz pallbearer fur her. An' then he married Deacon Wall's widow, an' she died, an' I wuz the same agin. An' now—wal, I don't like to be all the time accosted without bein' able to return 'em.—Everybody's."

SOLVING THE DIFFICULTY.

The following was put to pupils in a public school: "There is a family of five children. The mother has only four potatoes to divide among them. She wants to give each child and equal share. What is she to do?" "Well, Sammy, what would you do?" asked the teacher. "Mash the potatoes, ma'am."—Top-Notch.

CORRECT CLASSIFICATION.

The angry citizen puffed into the office of the city editor. "See here, sir," he yelled, "what do you mean by publishing my resignation as mayor in this way?" "You gave the story out yourself, didn't you?" asked the editor. "Of course I did," replied the angry citizen. "But your fool paper prints it under the head of 'Public Improvements.'—Top-Notch."

THRIFTY.

"I always put ten dollars of my salary in the savings bank every Saturday," said the young man who was holding down his first real job. "That's a very good idea, my son," said his father. "You bet it's a good idea, dad. Believe me, that ten dollars in my pocket handy along about Thursday or Friday."—N. Y. World.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

BOYS AT PLAY.

(Ohio State Journal.) The training of the youth of these days seems to be carried on upon the idea that the boy and girl have no favorite games of the own, and that even the opportunity to play must be provided or there won't be any playing. Thus self-reliance is being discouraged and dependence upon others is made a part of the outfit in life. The right training of youth must put self-reliance as the very first consideration. Those boys of a former generation, who used to contrive all their playthings and originate their own devices for having exercises and fun, are today the captains of industry and the great leaders in the world's trade. Will the boys of today be the leaders of enterprise in the next generation? There are some reasons for doubting it.

A boy's play is the best thing in his life, and nothing should stand in its way, but where older hands are supervising it and telling him how it is to be done and providing the ways and means the very soul is taken out of it. A few years ago the boys used to do all the stunts that the colleges have appropriated and changed to somber art or classic tricks. In those days the boys jumped bars, skinned cats, threw big boulders, ran over turned handspikes, just for the fun of it and never thought of getting their names in the papers or displaying athletic stunts.

THE "MUGGY" NIGHT.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.) Windows must be open, for otherwise life and work are impossible. It is, however, rather hard to keep, very greasy, quite still and dead. The windows must be left open, and, if one would work, there must be lights.

Around the lights dark and buzz and flutter dance swarms of flies and bugs. There are little green fellows, and gray fellows and black fellows. They buzz and flutter most abominably, and they light on your wrists and your nose and your face. They are stupid fellows, too. They do not, like the canny mosquito or the agile fly, recognize the approach of an enemy. You may smash them by dozens or by hundreds, without protest on their part and without difficulty. They make no attempt to escape.

But it really is not worth while to squish them. It is impossible to diminish their numbers. They come from nowhere, and tomorrow morning they will be dead; poor, aimless, sticky little bugs, born of the mugginess and bred by the mugginess.

There comes a blundering big beetle, and bumps his head twice or thrice against the incandescent globe; then is discouraged, and tumbles sprawling to the floor, and is gone for half an hour and expires. A dozen "Canada soldiers" flit into the light; transparent, evanescent, spirits of discomfort. Their life, too, is the span of a single night, and it is spent in nervous, aimless, tiresome exertion. They are striving after nothing at all, and striving mightily. Exhausted, moribund, scarcely able to wiggle their antennae, they drop to the floor. Everything squirms. The human squirms under countless entomological irritations. He prays for a thunder storm, or a cool breeze, or even a visitation of dry heat. Mugginess, to the human, is the most deplorable of atmospheric conditions.

But it is in mugginess that the little fellows, who live but a night, find their great delight. It needs mugginess to bring them forth. From a human, utilitarian standpoint, there is no reason for things that flit about the ceiling and the neck, but from the standpoint of the flitters there is no excuse for the mountainous human who sits in the light and is peevish. So, perhaps, it is a standpoint of the human, and he is equally uncomprehending of the real reason.

PLAYING IN THE STREETS.

The Playgrounds Association of New York recently arranged that the children might play in the streets of certain portions of the city, the streets being closed to traffic for a certain number of hours a day. It caused some inconvenience to traffic, perhaps, but it brought a lot of happiness into the lives of many of the little people of the congested centers.

Anxious to learn the effect upon the children of the new movement, a delegation of interested persons visited one of the streets and watched the children at play. They were amazed at one thing—that many of the children "associated guilt with play."

That is, the children seemed to

SHE HAS, HEY?

"Do animals possess the sentiment of affection?" asked the teacher of small Margaret.

"Yes, ma'am, almost always." "Correct," said the teacher. "Turning to young Harold: 'And now tell me what animal has the greatest natural fondness for men?'"

"Woman."—Everybody's.

HE HAD HER.

Teacher—Johnny Jinks, as a punishment for missing your lessons today you may stay after school and write the word "fail" one thousand times.

Johnny—It can't be done, teacher. Y'you told us yesterday there wasn't no such word.—N. Y. World.

A SMALL EARLY ONE.

"What is your husband's income?" asked one woman of another. "Oh, I hardly know," was the response. "Usually about three a. m."—Ladies' Home Journal.

BOGUS.

"My face is my fortune," said the blushing maid. "And it's counterfeit at that," muttered the young man who had observed that the blush was permanent.—N. Y. World.

POOR PECK.

"Henry, you talk in your sleep." "Well, do you begrudge me even those few words?"

BITS OF INFORMATION.

The entire plant of a Pennsylvania asphalt block manufacturing concern is mounted on freight cars, so that it can be taken wherever there is work for it.

Throughout the world one-fourth of all children die before six years of age, one-half before they are sixteen and one person in 100 lives to see sixty-five.

A deficit in Italy's trade balance is accounted for in part by the loss of \$150,000,000 a year formerly spent by travelers in that country and \$20,000,000 usually sent home from the United States by laborers.

Make Your Home Safe by Using a Safe Light

Electricity is safe, sanitary and convenient, as well as the coolest illuminant on the market.

A few years ago Electricity meant only light, this in itself was a convenience, not only was it convenient, but it was safe, clean, cool and healthful as well. The house wife was not long in finding out the advantages of electric light and adapting it in her home. But today electricity means a great deal more than light—it also does away with the drudgery of sweeping, washing, ironing and sewing, as a little motor will do all of this, just attach it to any lamp socket and take life easy.

If your house is not wired let us explain our special housewiring proposition.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company

220-222 W. Colfax Ave.

Bell 462

Home 5462

Help!

WE HELP YOU HELP YOURSELF. This Company is not a charitable organization and it is not backed by philanthropists. We will LOAN YOU MONEY on your personal note at a low rate of interest (8% per annum, our only charges as we take no Chattel Mortgages) and give you the advantage of repaying the LOAN in small weekly payments, or at the same time you get paid. It is a business proposition.

Our offices are located at 201 S. Main street (on the ground floor of the Jefferson Building, no dark stairways to climb or hallways to go through), and we ask you to call at our offices, talk over your financial difficulties with us and we will show you the solution of your problems.

A MORRIS PLAN SAVINGS ACCOUNT WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR NEEDS AND PAYS 5% INTEREST.

The Morris Plan Company

OF SOUTH BEND.

201 South Main St.

Opposite Post Office

OFFICE HOURS—9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Saturday, 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. Monday, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

HARRY L. YERRICK

Funeral Director

Home 5745 Bell 745

I AM AS NEAR TO YOU AS YOUR TELEPHONE.

Chapel Ambulance Carriage

The Furniture Store Around on Main Street.

Successors to A. M. Jones

McGILL'S FURNITURE

SOUTH MICHIGAN ST. Opposite Auditorium.

McGILL'S FURNITURE

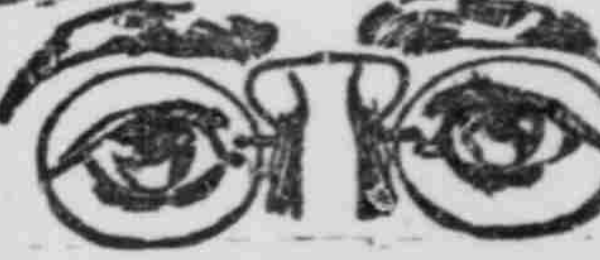
204 W. WASHINGTON AVE.

BAKERS SHOES

204 W. WASHINGTON AVE.

EYES EXAMINED

and Headaches relieved without the use of drugs.



H. LEMONTREE

South Bend's Leading Optician and

Manufacturing Optician.

222 1/2 S. Mich. St. Open till 6 p. m.

Home phone 6504. Bell 347

Sundays from 9 to 12:30 a. m. by

Appointment.

BUCKWHEAT SEED

SILVERHULL VARIETY

Best for This Climate.

SOUTH BEND GRAIN CO.

Prairie Ave. and L. S. & M. S.

Home 5369; Bell 369.

GREATEST BARGAINS IN TOWN

Economy Cloak Dept.

Economy Dept.

Second Floor, 219-221 S. Michigan

In Conjunction With the Independent Stores

TRY NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS